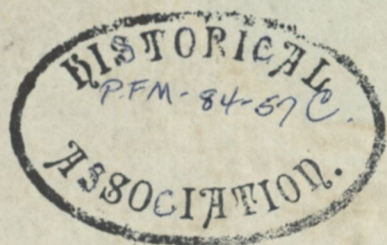


Daniel Jones

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INDEX RERUM.—The plan of this work is very simple, and so exceedingly well adapted to the purpose for which it is intended, that it has received the approbation of all who have examined it.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From Professor Worcester, of Amherst College.

"It is just the thing. I have never had a system so complete as yours. I shall take an early opportunity to speak to the whole body of students in regard to it, and shall advise every man to buy a copy."

From Professor Olmsted, of Yale College.

"I am happy to say, that the plan and execution of the Index Rerum, are both such as fully meet my approbation; and I shall recommend it to my pupils, as a valuable auxiliary to their studies."

From Professor M. Hopkins, of Williams College.

"I have no hesitation in saying, that the plan of the Index Rerum, by Mr. Todd, is better adapted to the object for which it is intended, than any other with which I am acquainted. Its great excellence consists in its simplicity, and this renders its advantages so obvious, that to those who want any thing of the kind, an inspection of the work must preclude the necessity of any recommendation. It will give me pleasure to speak well of it here."

From the Northampton Courier.

"The Index Rerum is designed to aid the memory of students, professional men, and every individual who may desire to refresh his mind by reference to facts and valuable sentiments and opinions, or have them so noted down as to be within the compass of his observation. The plan is totally different from Locke's, where the mechanical labor of copying every thing is most tedious. It is after the system of an index, with conspicuous words and references where the subject matter may be found. We commend it to the notice of our friends and the public generally."



INDEX REFERENCE.—The plan of this work is very simple, and so exceedingly well adapted to the purpose for which it is intended, that it has received the approbation of all who have examined it.

FROM THE EDITOR, THE LANCET, LONDON.

THE LANCET, LONDON, 18th March 1884. I have just received your copy of the "Index Refere" and have read it with much interest and satisfaction.

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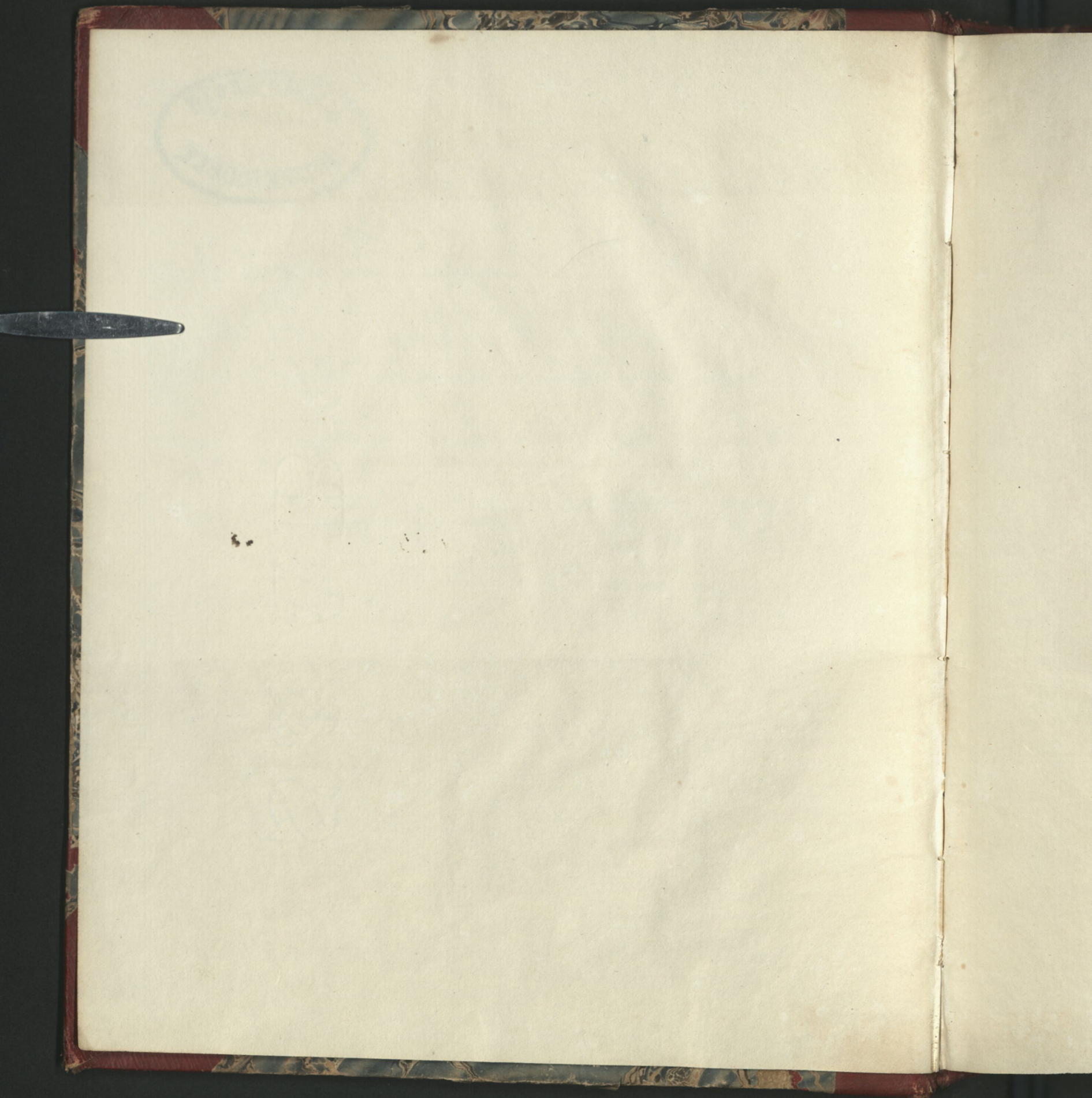
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Daniel Jones. Jr.
Cambridge April 1838

Cambridge Mass
Council House

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INDEX RERUM:

OR

INDEX OF SUBJECTS;

INTENDED AS A MANUAL,

TO AID THE

STUDENT AND THE PROFESSIONAL MAN,

IN PREPARING HIMSELF FOR USEFULNESS.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION,

ILLUSTRATING ITS UTILITY AND METHOD OF USE.

BY REV. JOHN TODD,
PASTOR OF THE EDWARDS CHURCH, NORTHAMPTON.

Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.—HOR.

NORTHAMPTON.....J. H. BUTLER.

1834.

INDEX RERUM:

OR

INDEX OF SUBJECTS,

INTENDED AS A MANUAL,

TO AID THE

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1833,

By J. H. BUTLER,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION,

ILLUSTRATING ITS UTILITY AND METHOD OF USE.

BY J. H. BUTLER,

CLERK OF THE DISTRICT COURT, NORTHAMPTON.

METCALF, PRINTER.....NORTHAMPTON.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE plan of the following sheets grew out of the author's own wants, and his repeated attempts to supply these wants. Its utility has been tested by his own experience. In conversation with gentlemen of different professions, to whom he has shewn his own Index, there has been but one opinion expressed, a strong approbation of the plan, and an earnest wish that it may become the property of every student. Its only claim is, that it will aid the diligent student, and if perseveringly followed, it will at the end of a very few years, place a fund of knowledge at his ready command, which no money can purchase.

Should any one procure this Book with the expectation that it will supersede labor and study, he will be deservedly disappointed. No plans or inventions can ever do that. But if he hopes it will, with a very moderate share of time and labor spent upon it, yield him a great reward, I think I may venture to promise that he will not be disappointed.

The Common-place Book of Locke is the only one that has come into much notice; and if that has, it is not owing to any intrinsic merit which it possesses, but to its bearing his own great name, and professing to be the result of his experience. But neither that nor any other Common-place Book which I have ever seen, will either come into any thing like extensive use, or be of any essential advantage to the student, and the man of literary habits. The reason is perfectly obvious to any one who has tried to use them for any length of time. They require too much time, and too much labor. Every thing that is saved must be copied out in full, and then noted also in the Index. Few have the time, and fewer still the patience to do this. Books are so common, and so constantly multiplying, that few have the courage to

undertake to make extracts, and to copy what is really valuable. I have seen multitudes of such books commenced, but have seen but very few which were not abandoned at an early hour.

Every one is aware that we frequently want the thoughts, or the materials of thought with which we have met in books which we have read, but which, though now sought after in every corner of the memory, are not to be found. Their faint impressions are seen, dim, like the ghosts of Ossian, but too distant and too undefined, to be of any use. Nor can we recollect the books in which we met them. We frequently too, wish to recall a fact, or a striking passage, or a valuable discussion, but the memory is tasked in vain. Few are aware, unless they have bestowed particular thought on the subject, how much of all our valuable reading is lost, because we retain only faint impressions of it, and have no method of recalling it.

Let a young man when he begins life, be in the habit of making an Index to all that he reads which is truly valuable, (and he ought to read nothing else,) and at the age of thirty-five or forty, he has something of his own, and which no price could purchase. Many would think hundreds of dollars well spent, could they purchase what they have thrown away; and what each one might most easily save for himself; and to aid in saving which, this Book is prepared.

One of the most distinguished and accomplished scholars of whom this or any other country can boast,* makes the following remarks; "Old-fashioned economists will tell you never to pass an old nail, or an old horse-shoe, or buckle, or even a pin, without taking it up; because although you may not want it now, you will find a use for it some time or other. I say the same thing to you with regard to knowledge. However useless it may appear to you, at the moment, seize upon all that is fairly within your reach. For there is not a fact, within the whole circle of human observation, nor even a fugitive anecdote that you read in a newspaper, or hear in conversation, that will not come in play, some time or other: and occasions will arise when they will, involuntarily, present their dim shadows in the train of your think-

* WILLIAM WIRT.

ing and reasoning, as belonging to that train, and you will regret that you cannot recall them more distinctly."

This is certainly a valuable thought, and a valuable opinion of a great man. It is appropriate to my subject and design. I read it some two or three years since. And now, how am I to recall it, when needed? I cannot copy out all such valuable thoughts with which I meet; and it is in vain to command the memory to retain them. Making extracts with the pen is so tedious, that the very name of a Common-place Book is associated with drudgery, and wearisomeness. But by the Index which I make out, I can preserve this, or any other extract which I wish, and that readily.

Some may think I have done little to aid them, by laying out the work of years. I might indeed, have published my own Index Rerum, and it would probably have been acceptable to some in my own profession. But it would be of but little value to any one of another profession. Every man ought to make out his own Index, according to his profession, employments, habits of reading and thinking. An Index filled out, if confined to one profession, or one kind of reading, would be too contracted for general use; and if it embraced the whole circle of reading, it would be too voluminous.

Some may hesitate about commencing such a Book, since their youth is past, and the day in which to lay up knowledge seems also to be past. Such, however, have special need of the aid here offered, and will receive special benefit from it, because, it is never too late to read to advantage, and because knowledge, like the seed of the fruit-tree which you put into the ground to-day, will yield its fruits soon; and because also, memory, as life advances, becomes more treacherous, and needs something to assist it. I feel confident that the plan is as well adapted to those who have lived past their youth, as to any other class.

The idea of publishing blank sheets is not very cheering to the fame of authorship; but mortified pride may have this consoling reflection, that many who fill out their sheets, had better have left them blank; and that each one can fill out this book more to his own satisfaction and benefit, than the most gifted mind could do for him.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING THIS INDEX.

1. Read nothing which is not worth remembering, and which you may not wish hereafter to review. Have your Index at hand, and when you meet with any thing of interest, just note it down, the subject, the Book, and the page, and any word designating its qualities, which you may please, according to the method hereafter described. The Index should be your constant companion when you read.

2. Make your Index according to subjects as much as possible, selecting that word which conveys the best idea of the subject.

3. You will find the Index ruled with blue ink, with a wide margin on the left hand of each page. The margin is to contain the word selected as a guide to the subject noted down. On the corners of the page, you will find the letters of the alphabet (capitals) and in the centre, the first five vowels, a. e. i. o. u. Each letter of the alphabet has two pages to each of the vowels, and of course, each letter has ten pages.

4. When you read any thing which you may hereafter need, place the principal word in the margin, under the first letter in that word, and the first vowel in it. I will here give some examples as they stand in my own Index. Suppose I wish to note something relating to America. I turn to A. and the vowel e. because A. is the first letter, and e. is the first vowel—thus :

AMERICA,	supposed to be known in the time of Homer : Thomas' Hist. Print. vol. 1. p. 20.
ATHEISM,	of France, picture of : Schlegel's Lect. v. 2. p. 199.
BRADFORD,	Governor, notice of : Am. Quart. Rev. v. 2. p. 497. this under B. a.
BROUGHAM,	graphic and powerful description of : Port. Rhet. Reader, p. 248.
CLINTON,	De Witt, Memoir of, &c. (good) Am. Quart. Rev. v. 5. p. 475. this under C. i.
CHRISTIAN,	religion, services rendered to mankind : Chateaub. Beaut. Christianity, p. 453.
DANIEL,	analysis of the book of : Con. Ev. Mag. v. 4. p. 46. this under D. a.
DIFFICULTIES,	of our probation considered : Butler's Anal. part 1. ch. 4.
DESTRUCTION,	of Jerusalem, accurately described : Smith's view of the Hebs. Chap. 1.
ELOQUENCE,	remarks upon, (good) Goldsmith's Bee, p. 173. this under E. o.
ENGLISH,	composition, examples of its steady improvement : Irv. Elem. Comp. p. 206.
ELOQUENT,	remarks on slavery : Cunningham's World without Souls. p. 87.

- FACULTIES, of man, distinguished from those of the brute : Coleridge's Friend, p. 130.
this under F. a.
- FREDERIC, the Great—instances of severity and ingratitude : Buck's Works, v. 4. p. 225.
- GRIESBACH'S, New Test. remarks on : Ch. Spec. vol. 5. p. 187.
under G. i.
- GENTLENESS, beautiful example of its power : Mem. of Martyn, part 2. Oct. 20. p. 197.
- HORRORS, of conscience, a powerful conception of : Shak. Rich. III. Clarence's Dream.
under H. o.
- HIERO, of Syracuse, remarkable answer to, concerning the nature of God : Cicero de nat.
[Deor. L. 1.]
- HUME & FINLEY, their death compared, (powerful and beautiful, by Dr. Mason.) Panoplist v. 4. p.
[241. & Ch. Magazine.]
- INDIANS, Pequot, beautiful description of the war with : Trumb. Hist. Con. vol. 1. chap. 5.
under I. i.
- IMPORTANCE, of Christianity to the world : Butler's Anal. p. 155.
- JEWS, some black found in India : Buchanan's Res. p. 255.
J. e.
- JESUIT, missions, glowing and partial description of : Chateaub. Beaut. Chris. book 4. p. 413.
- JOB, the Book of, investigated : Lowth's Heb. Poet. Lect. 33 & 34.
- KNOWLEDGE, no power to sanctify the heart, (good) Bp. Atterbury's Ser. vol. 2. ser. 2.
- LEDYARD, his beautiful eulogy on women : Am. Quart. Rev. vol. 3. p. 103.
- LANGUAGES, origin of, mod. European : Schlegel's Lect. v. 1. p. 273.
- MEMORY, remarkable example of in a painter : Abercrombie's Intel. Pow. p. 112.
- MORALITY, of deism, fair specimen of : Buck's Works, v. 5. p. 256.
- NIAGARA, falls, short and good description of, by Beecher : Ch. Spec. vol. 3. p. 463.
- NOVELS, proof of degeneracy in religion : Wilberforce's View, p. 230.
- ORIGINAL, languages, use, and best mode of studying : Diss. Trans. by Stuart, & notes, (good.)
- ODE, the Hebrew, great beauty of : Lowth's Heb. Poet. Lect. 25.
- PRESS, method of correcting the proofs of : Bigelow's Tech. p. 64.
- PARABLE, of Jotham, Judg. 9. 15. delightful exposition of : Stuart's Heb. Chrestom. p. 234.
- PRINCESS, Charlotte, sermon on her death, (sublime and eloquent) Hall's Works, vol. 1. p. 179.
- QUESTIONS, for thought and study : Appendix to this Book, p. 25.
- REFLECTIONS, on the results of the Infidelity of France : Dick on Imp. Soc. p. 439.
- ROSSEAU, morbid imagination of : Stewart on the Mind, v. 1. p. 277.
- RELIGION, christian, short and unanswerable arguments for : Leslie's Deism, *passim*.

SEIGE,	of Jerusalem by the crusaders, awfully cruel and bloody : James' Hist. Crus. p. 170.
SABBATH,	common modes of unhallowing : Wilberforce's View, p. 123.
"	probably lost during the bondage of Egypt : Wilson on Sab. p. 116.
SOCRATES' &	Christ's doctrines compared, (weak and puerile) Jeff. Writ. v. 3. p. 507.
TOOKE,	John—frugality while a student : Am. Quart. Rev. vol. 5. p. 391.
TRIFLING,	a most beautiful specimen of : Cowp. Corres. p. 171. dat. Nov. 30, 1783.
UNITY,	of the God-head, fine argument for : Yates' Vindication, p. 58.
UNIVERSAL,	salvation, Lectures, condensed and good : Appleton's Lects. Lect. 21, 22, 23. Ed- [wards against Chauncey, passim ; (unanswerable.)
VARRO,	beautiful Letter to, from Cicero : Cic. Epist. Lib. 9. Ep. 2.
VOLUPTATE,	et temperantiâ de, Socratis disputatio : Xen. Memorab. Lib. 3. cap 1.
WORLD,	to be renewed and its material parts to be immortal : Chalmers' Sermons, ser. 7.
WILBERFORCE,	character as a speaker : Port. Rhet. Reader, p. 250.
XYLOCHARTION,	or bark-paper, description of : Am. Quart. Rev. Vol. 2.
YOUNG,	men, importance of : Hawes' Lect. Lect. 1.
ZALEUCUS,	his propitiation for the adultery of his son : Fuller's Works, vol. 2. p. 808.

I have here copied at random one or more specimens under each letter. The selection might, of course, be carried to a much greater extent, but these examples are sufficient to shew the design and method of using this Index. No language can describe the value of such an Index, after it has been growing under the hand of a diligent student for some years. To such I now commend it, hoping and believing that they will find it answering its sole design, which is, to aid them in preparing for usefulness. At the close of the Index is an Appendix which can be used as each one pleases ; perhaps for the purpose of recording such facts as are not likely to be met with again.

Northampton, Dec. 1, 1833.

The following portrait of a perfect wife, is from the pen of Edmund Burke. It was intended as a picture of his own wife. — "I intend to give my idea of a woman; if it at all answers any original, I shall be pleased. — She is handsome, but it is a beauty not arising from features, from complexion, or from shape she has all three in high degree, but it is not by these that she touches the heart; it is all that sweet mix of temper, benevolence, innocence and sensibility, which a face can express, that forms her beauty. — She has a face that just raises your attention at first sight; it grows on you every moment, and you wonder it did no more than please raise your attention at first. — Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe you when she pleases, — they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. — Her features are not perfectly regular; that sort of exactness is more to be praised than to be loved; for it is never animated. She has all the firmness that does not include delicacy; she has all the softness that does not imply weakness — There is often more of the coquette shown in an affected plainness, than in a low dry fineness; she is always clean without preciseness or affectation. Her gravity is a gentle thoughtfulness, that softens the features without discomposing them; she is usually grave. — Her smiles are inexpressible. Her voice is a low soft music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can

distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this advantage, you must come close to her to hear it. To describe her body describes her mind; one is the transcript of the other. Her understanding is not shown in the variety of matters it exerts itself on, but in the goodness of the choice it makes. She does not display it so much in saying and doing striking things; as in avoiding such as she ought not to say or do. She discovers the right and wrong of things not by reasoning, but sagacity; most women and many good ones, have a closeness and something selfish in their disposition, she has a true generosity of temper, the most extravagant cannot be more unbounded in their liberality, the most covetous not more cautious in the disposition. Her politeness seems to flow rather from a natural disposition to oblige, than from any rule on that subject; and therefore never fails to strike those who understand good breeding and those who do not. She does not run, with giddy eagerness, into new friendships, which, as they have no foundation in reason, serve only to multiply and embitter dispute; it is long before she chooses, but then it is fixed forever, and the first hour of romantic friendships is not warmer than hers after the lapse of years. — as she never disgraces her good nature by severe reflections on any body, she never degrades her judgement by unmoderate or ill-placed praises; for every thing violent

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is contrary to the gentleness of her disposition &
the evenness of her temper & virtue; she has a steady
and firm mind, which takes no more from the
female character than the solidity of marble does
from its polish and lustre — She has such virtue
as make us value the truly good great of our own
sex; she has all the winning graces that make
up love even the faults we see in the weak &
beautiful of hers."

Akenside

born at Newcastle upon Tyne 1721: his father a respectable butcher died in London 1770. A strong friendship existed between A. and Alexander Tyson, who died in 1776. "He was at that time M. P. for Horsham, a member of the Privy Council, and offerer to His Majesty's Household" Life of Akenside Steine ed.

Affection.

I speak as I feel, returned Clifford; were the woman I loved suffering from poverty, I would beg with her if I could relieve her; through injustice, I would defend her; from unkindness, I would protect her; and if the world forsook her, I would be to her the world.

Absence

Absence! is not the soul torn by it
From more than light, or life or breath?
'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet —
The pain without the peace of death

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the butcher
A. and
M. P. for
his May

in I loved
d relieve
kindness
would be

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Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
his works. Cowpers task B.v. page 92.

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1841
I think a very fine specimen of the
same species as the one in the
collection of the British Museum.

B

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The Bless of man,

Beauty

could pride that blessing find

Is not to act or think beyond mankind; Pope essays on Man v 189. Sp. 1.

He thinks a being that is beautiful

Byron Vol II. p 444

H. Laven & South

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Mar 189. Sp. 1.
Vol. 11. p. 444
Heaven & Earth

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J. Bunyan.

His Pilgrims Progress — eulogized — bawper

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China

some account of the origin and antiquities of - Phoenix page 27

Phenix page 27

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Commerce

its effect upon the mind

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
 Great nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
 When men change swords for pegs, and desert
 The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
 I had, my country! Am I to be blamed? - Wordsworth.

And honour sinks where commerce long prevails
 Goldsmith. The Traveller.

Confucius

Confucius born A.C. 550 see his life - Phoenix page 13.

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The Traveller.

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Friendship.

It is the heart and not the mind which makes true friends. We should not, therefore, always seek among the persons whose brilliant talents seduce and win us over, for our best friends. These latter are perhaps more busily found among the most simple persons as far as intelligence is concerned. It happens, indeed, but too often that the mind is only developed at the expense of the faculties of the soul. It might be said that in this case the vital forces in converging towards the head for the development of the intellectual faculties, abandon the heart, which remains inert, or dried up and withers. On the other hand, excessive goodness of heart, in drawing everything to itself this centre, seems often to oppose the development of the intellect. We must not, however, conclude from the foregoing observations that the heart and mind are but little compatible, or that they are developed in an inverse proportion; on the contrary, united in the same individual, the form of him, by their harmony, the truly superior man — he who can the most perfectly feel and communicate the pleasures of friendship, and best fulfil all its obligations. Letters on Lafayette.

Silney Hall p. 43

Johnson's sermons. Page 15.

Friendship

"He that hath friends, has no friend."
"Hence comes it then, that in the wane of life &c" Browne's epistle to J. Hill. Phil. ed. page 102.

A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Prov. Chap. 18. v. 24.

Friendship

— none can exalt or depress friends extremely, but friends.
Gatler No. 172.

Silney Hall p. 43

There is a mysterious instinct within us which unerringly guides the soul in its selection of a true friend.

The friends thou hast and their adoption try'd.

Grapple them to thee with hooks of steel - banish
Sometimes do excuse the thing I hate.

For his advantage whom I dearly love. M. for M.

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The future ignorance of a blindness to the future! kindly given, Essay on Man ^{line 85} (Pope's works page 18)

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(Pope's works page 18)

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Hope

Man never is but always to be blessed - Essay on Man v. 95.

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Indians

description of - not taciturn &c Irving. Jour. on the Prairies. 1838.

on the Prairies, 1855

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Love.

— first of things,

First of the lonely powers, ere time arose,
 Were Love and Chaos. Love, the sire of Fate,
 Elder than Chaos. *Oke'side. Hymn to the Muses. v. 23.*

passion of — *Gatley No. 90.*

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Malthus.

The Rev. Mr. Malthus, the celebrated writer on political economy, and whose notions on population were somewhat singular, died in England the last of September, 1834. Boston C.

Marriage,

advantages of &c. J. Taylor (Lib. of old English Prose Writers) Page 82. 7th vol.

Meccas

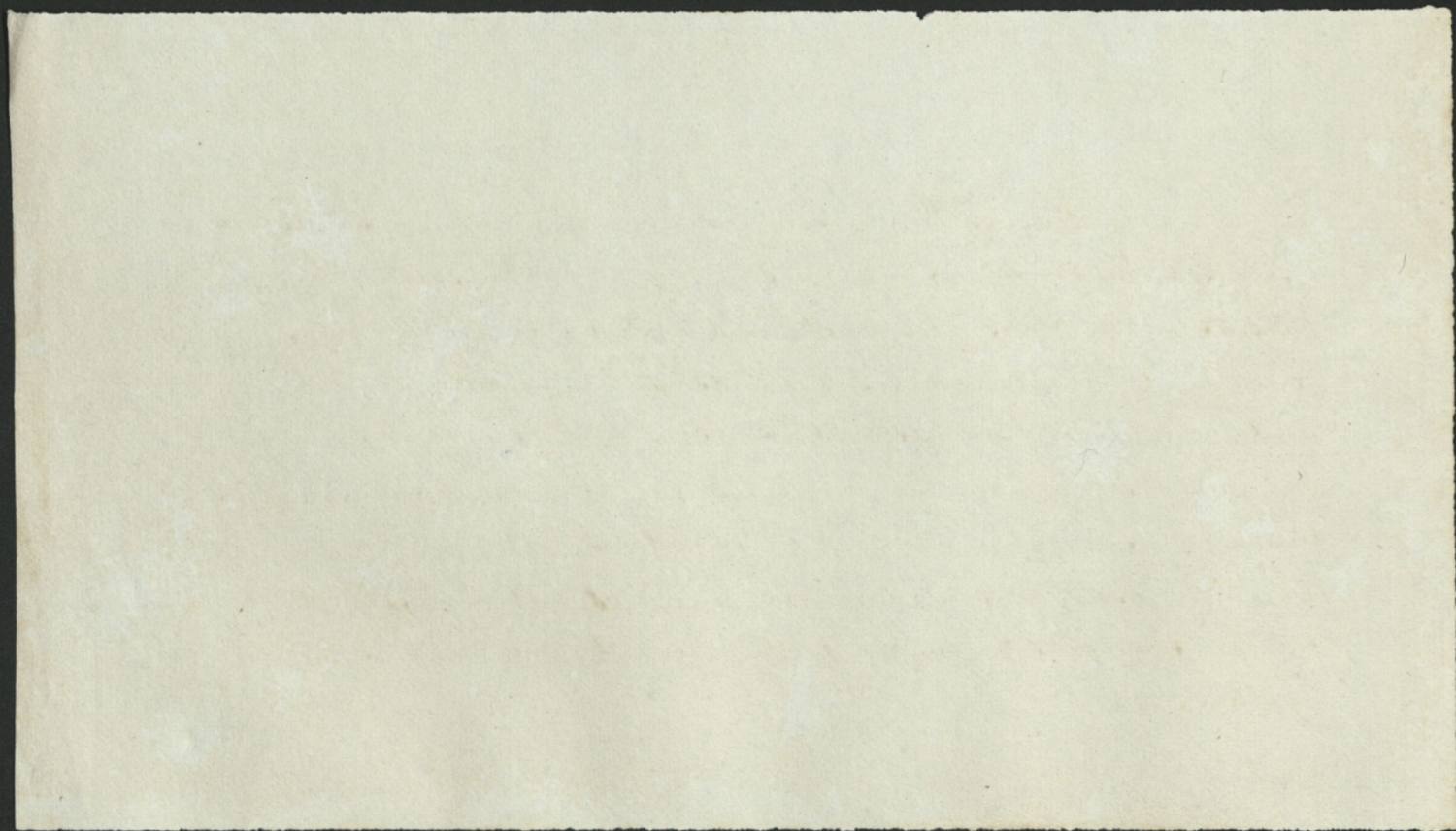
The Meccas of the mind - Halleck -

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34. Boston C.
Page 82. 7th ed.

Marriage is the nursery of heaven; the virgin sends prayers to God, but she carries but one soul to him; but the state of marriage fills up the numbers of the elect, and hath in it all the labor of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessings of society, and the union of hands and hearts; it hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety, than the single life; it hath more care, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows, and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful.



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Mercy

quality of The quality of mercy is not strained.

Mereh. of Venice ^{act scene} IV. I.

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act scene.
W. I.

Mind.

The mind in its own place and in itself
can make of a Heaven of Hell a Hell of Heaven. P.L. B.I.

u. P.L. B.I.

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Politeness Eng.
Politesse Fr

The English are kind in their Politeness, the French are officious in their Politesse — the Politeness of the English is shown in actions — the Politesse of the French evaporates in sound — English Politeness is always disinterested — French Politesse is too often prompted by selfishness.

Politeness is that feeling which prompts us to make others happy and pleased with themselves, and which for this purpose puts off all dislike, all party spirit, all affectation of superiority

Stonian Vol. 1.

officious
in actions
English polite
often prompt

like others
purpose
openly
Roman loc.

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Religion

Religion gives to time all its importance, and to eternity all its glory; without it, existence is a riddle.

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Sorrow.

There are intense moments when man becomes a giant in suffering, and needs a Titanic language to vent such enormous sorrow, stupendous honor, and vast despair. Sydney Hall. p. 175.

Sin

Lucifer. He who bows not to him has bowed to me.
Now met I ought to sympathise with me. ~~nevertheless~~

giant in
ch enormous
y Hall. p. 175.

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Lie Dolores
Lerne for Kunst. Register Vol XVI No 29.

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Virtue

always attended by Pleasure. Akenside Pleasures of Imag. B. 11. 669.

Imag. B. 11. 669.

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Whale Fishery an account of — *Mercht. Mag.* vol 3 p 361 Nov. 1840

361 Nov. 1840

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May 1835.

To Daniel Jones of Santucket.

J. P. R. of Charleston S. C.

Has a change come o'er
The spirit of my dream, and in early manhood have I be-
come a May Day Queen: the garland is not around my
brow, nor do the bourgeoisie of Cambridge sing praises of
my name: yet at my rising do I find a poetic gift await-
ing my acceptance. But it wears not the semblance of
flowers which wither, nor comes it from those who may
call for another when this short year is passed: But it comes
from one who has my gratitude for his hospitality, — my es-
teem for qualities which my vanity would lead me to
call kindred, & my respect for virtues which I would have,
yet having not can fully appreciate — Take then the assu-
rance of my warm friendship and my heartfelt thanks in
return for your valued present. — From this day evermore shall
the poems of Crabbe wear new grace to my eyes: and when we
shall be widely separated — when to my Southern home I shall
have returned to dwell forever — and you are left in the colds
of the North — yet shall I feel assured that the frosts of New Eng-
land cannot bite the sincere regard with which you have
looked on me: nor shall the sun of Carolina awaken in me
a warmer feeling than that which I feel when I write myself

Your warmest, truest, sincerest
friend

J. P. Rutledge

May 1st. 1835. Cambridge

from Crabbe

P.S. B. 1. line 17

P.S. B. 1. 255

And though I wept I was not sad
For tears thou knowest are often given
When the o'erflowing heart is glad.

With friendship's purest glow
The bliss which winged those rosy hours
Was such as pleasure seldom showers
On mortals here below.

The recollection seems alone dearer than
Dearer than all the joys I've known
When distant far from you
Though pain be still a pleasing pain
To trace those days and hours again
And sigh again adieu. Hours of Idleness.

Next to a lady I must bid adieu
Whom some in mirth or malice call a blue
Why should proud men in man that knowledge ^{prize}
Which he effects in woman to despise.

Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart & pure.
The mind is its own place, & in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell a Hell of Heaven

P.S. B. 1. line 17

P.S. B. 1. 255

May 1835.

To Daniel Jones of Nantucket.

J. P. R. of Charleston S. C.

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The spirit of my dream, and in early manhood have I be-
come a May-Day Queen: the garland is not around my
brow, nor do the bourgeoisie of Cambridge sing praises of
my name: yet at my rising do I find a poetic gift await-
ing my acceptance. — But it wears not the semblance of
flowers which wither, nor comes it from those who may
call for another when this short year is passed: But it comes
from one who has my gratitude for his hospitality, — my es-
teem for qualities which my vanity would lead me to
call kindred, & my respect for virtues which I would have,
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the poems of Crabbe wear new grace to my eyes: and when we
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The mind is its own place, & in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell a Hell of Heaven

P.L. B. 1. line 17

P.L. B. 1. 255

Oh say on what Arcadian shore,
Does thy wrapt slumbering spirit soar:
Dream'st thou of worlds in whose bright sphere
Nor sound
Nor sound of sorrow mayst thou hear?
Or dream'st thou of ladies' fair,
With beaming eyes and curly hair?
Now while I write these lines to thee,
I bid thee wake, or dream of me.

To G. Jones, sleeping in a chair — by Miss L. ... B. ...

Forget — forget not him who on this leaf
Inscribed with unskill'd hand these simple lines
For while he wrote, he oft times felt that chief
By all his bliss, to Friendship's altar twined
And thee, for whom these he gladly wrote
He prizes as his friend — his lasting friend,
And till the fatal cup of limes shall note
His parting hour, his love to thee shall tend
March 1838 G. E. H.

here

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S. C. H.

Mr. Talpey's lecture Sunday June 30th 1855 Subject Prayer.

It is an erroneous view of this subject to say that God is immutable and consequently cannot be changed by our entreaties. True, God is immutable, but his immutableness is an immutableness of principle and not of action. We must suppose that he is influenced by reason, by the condition of circumstances: that immutability which is not, we call obstinacy, a quality which is despised; and we would ^{not} then attribute this to infinite goodness. To illustrate the efficacy of prayer by analogy; men never ask favours of each other, which they cannot reasonably expect without such importunity; so with the Deity, we cannot expect to receive blessings from him unless we entreat him for them.

Prayer also affects the mind in another way, it makes us more devout, makes us better, always increasing our love to God. If we feel gratitude to a friend for kindness received from him, it gives us pleasure to express to him these feelings we perceive that they are increased after the expression of them. Dr. Richard Price on Prayer & Howard's treatise on the formation of the christian character recommended.

Our actions the result of sentiment and of feeling — and by repetition actions resulting merely from caprice or the feeling of the moment, become deep feeling.

As even the nearest and dearest friends will lose their strong affection for each other when separated, unless the best means of holding intercourse, and of continuing their intimacy be resorted to, as by letters, so unless we hold constant intercourse with God, by means of prayer, we shall forget Him.

Mr. P.'s lecture July 3rd 1835. Subject Religious Meditation.
If we would understand any subject we must reflect upon it.
If we would understand religion - reflect. Times for religious med.
intimately connected with prayer.

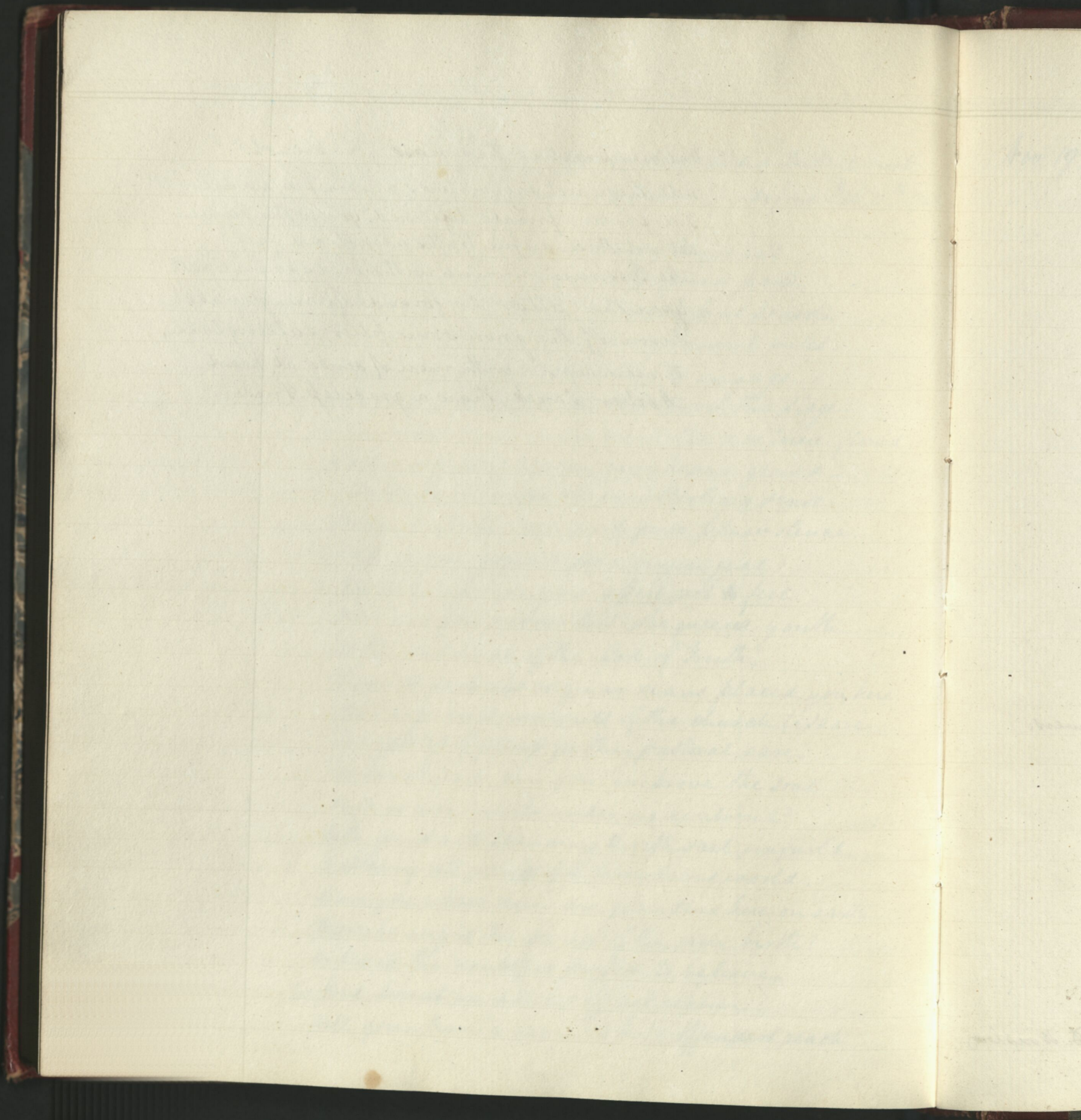
Dr. Spaulding Jan'y 20th 1839 Boston. "Thy will be done"
The will of God, its true signification, and the happiness of liv-
ing under it. God's moral will revealed to us by
conscience - it cannot be compulsory - may be
withstood. Matter subject to a foreign force - man to a
higher power. The will of God essentially the same as
the will of every good man. blearest expression
of God's will in the life and teachings of Christ. Christ;
a present Lord.

afternoon heard Mr. Watson Trinity Church - text
from Psalm to the Cor. Rejoice in the Lord always
rejoice -

Said to the students of Oxford, who attended a Duker's meet-
ing called by Catharine Payton. Oxford Feb. 11.th 1759.

O ye sons of science - candidates for arts,
Who boast of learning and superior parts,
Who serve a long apprenticeship at schools,
To moralize and give the ignorant rules -
Say can you hope attention to engage
Like her who stood dictatrix on the stage?
Free, solemn and distinct the doctrine flow'd;
Charmed every ear, in every bosom glow'd -
No empty periods, all was sterling sense
Tinctured with love and pure benevolence;
Intent you gazed to see a virgin zeal
Moved by a power you aspir'd not to feel.
Now can you answer this? she quired you then,
At the tribunal of the God of Truth,
Parents perhaps or guardians placed you here,
The large endowments of the church to share
Thoughtless of fitness for the pastoral care,
Unsanctified, can you improve the soul
Or be as way marks under no controul?
With pendants spreading & with sail unfurl'd,
Catching all winds of a licentious world;
Can you whose views are grandeur here on earth
Describe aright the pang of the new birth?
Or teach the doubtful sceptic to believe,
And Christ in all his offices receive?
Will your learn'd dogmas bold offenders teach

Who ever practice the penance you preach?
Will these not say, virtue's an empty name,
The parson's private life and yours the same?
Let not these awful truths unnoticed fall
No Rostrum mount without a special call
Upon the altar no forced offering make:
Throw off the gown some fitter calling take;
Of more repute with men of sense at heart—
A sober Laick, than a graceless Priest.



To my kind Friend
Daniel Jones

The minstrel knelt at friendship's shrine,
His harp beside him flung,
But silent all its notes divine,
And all its chords unstrung -
The quivering lip, the bursting sigh,
The tear drop glistening in his eye
Betray'd a heavy heart,
One cherished friend beside him bow'd,
With words of sorrow deep, not loud -
They had but met to part.

He snatched his harp, and vainly strove
To weave, as he had often wove,
The poet's magic spell -
But weak and vain and worse than vain
Were all the breathings of the strain
He could but sigh farewell -
For verse was vain, and words were weak,
The passion of his soul to speak;
Yet action better far than words,
Told how his heart within him stir'd.

Thus vainly I have tried to say,
To weave for thee a parting lay;
In flowing line, and homely verse
Thy deeds of kin deeds to rehearse;

Remember, what the will of heaven ordains,
^{ever} good for all; and if for all,
then good for thee - Pleas of Im B 11 page 39

unconquered mind page 40-1

76

To love

Ask the faithful youth, &c
page 43 -

first of things
page 240

Ask the faithful youth,

Fanny K's Journal page 76 vol 2^a -

Love daughter of fate
Elder than Chaos -

To love 166 page 4. K. W.

Genevra mentuma

The English are kind in their Politeness
The French are officious in their Politesse
- The Politeness of the English is shown
in actions - The Politeness of the French
evaporates in sound - English Polite-
ness is always disinterested - Fr. Politesse
is too often prompted by selfishness.

Politeness is that feeling which prompts
as to make others happy & pleased
with themselves, and for which for this pur-
pose puts off all dislike, all party-
spirit, all affectation of superiority.

In the perfect exercise of
genuine friendship, no advantage
can arise either party in which
both do not equally participate
for surely they shall be strong in the
strength, wealth in the wealth, &
power in the influence of each
other; their friendship shall change
dark & cloudy in the afternoon a
day of sunshine, and out of dark-
ness and confusion of thought shall
bring daylight on the mind & landing

Nov. 19th 1830.

And in one sorrowing strain to tell,
Past days how dear — thee lov'd how well,
But when I think that we must sever,
To meet, perchance, in this world — never,
That weary years must roll away
Before another parting day —
That life must soon be here and old,
And pulses beating warm grow cold —
My heart throbs heavy with its grief —
And vainly seeks on earth relief —

My friend! ours be a loftier trust
Than ought beneath the sky,
To lift our souls above the dust
And fix their hopes on high.
I mark amid the present gloom
A halo burning round the tomb;
I see a fairer world than ours,
Bright, bright, with ever blooming flowers;
A realm where parting is a word
And angel anthems never heard.
Live we in trust, on your calm shore,
That we may meet, to part no more.

God in his mercy give to thee,
A friend as warm and true,
As thou hast ever been to me,
I am — a long adieu —

Cambridge July 14th 1835.

R. D. Winslow.

Nov. 19th 1836.

The following description of the Saviour of Mankind was given by Publius Lentulus, a Roman governor in Judea. It was addressed to Tiberius Caesar, emperor of Rome, who had expressed a strong desire to obtain a particular description of the wonderful being, who had excited so much surprise and curiosity on account of his miracles, and deep veneration for the holiness and sanctity of his life and character.

"There appeared, in these days, a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted for a prophet of truth, but his disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature, somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, expressing both fear and love. His hair is of the colour of a chestnut, full ripe, plain to the ears, whence downwards it is more orient, curling and about his shoulders. In the midst of his forehead is a seam in partition of his hair after the manner of the Sazantes. The forehead plain and very delicate. His face without spot or wrinkle beautiful with a lovely red. His nose and mouth is formed as nothing can be reprehended. His beard thickish, in colour with his hair, not very long, but forked. His look innocent and nat^{ure}

his eyes grey, clear and quick. In reproving he is terrible; in admonishing very courteous and fair spoken. Pleasing in conversation mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh but many have seen him weep.

In proportion of body most excellent. His hands and arms most delicate to behold. In living very temperate, modest and wise. A man for his singular beauty surpassing the children of men.

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English History

English History
The first part of the history of England is the history of the Anglo-Saxons. The Anglo-Saxons were a people who came to England from the north and west of Europe. They were a brave and warlike people, and they were the first to settle in England. They were the first to build towns and cities, and they were the first to have a king. The Anglo-Saxons were the first to have a written language, and they were the first to have a law. They were the first to have a religion, and they were the first to have a culture. The Anglo-Saxons were the first to have a history, and they were the first to have a future.

English History Hume & Smollett.

Britain first met by Caesar. A. C. 55 and partially subdued by him
afterwards by Plantius under Emp. Claudius - A. D. 43 - by
Astorius Scapula - 50 - Guetonius Paulinus under Nero 59
- Cerealis under Vespasian - Julius Frontinus

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Verd 59
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"Be instant in prayer"

Although an album is very generally made the deposite of gay thoughts, or such as are based on love & friendship, I can see no reason why serious reflections should not be introduced. Religion indeed ought never to be considered an intruder in any place or at any time. In comparison with religion, every other concern is trivial. Without it how can we do our duty in any station of life? or how can we ever know what our duty is? Yet how deficient we all are in the proper interest in religion, how cold even in our devotions, how thoughtless of it in our daily concerns. How apt we are like Felix to put off to a more convenient season, that which is designed for all seasons, to refer to Sabbaths & sanctuaries, what should have the first place in parlour, in bedroom, in kitchen, in closet, in workshop, in store, in one word what should engross the chief place in our thoughts, and the best affections of our hearts. Tell me where religion would be out of place, point out the situation in which the precepts of Jesus, and the commands of God ought not to rule our thoughts and actions, and you have named the place and situation the very verge of which is disgrace and ruin. If these remarks are correct I need no apology for alluding to the subject of these lines.

Since few deny the existence of God and the truth of Revelation, is it not remarkable that the concerns of our future state are so little attended to? That so small

a proportion of mankind are willing to converse on religion and that a still smaller number manifest that dependence on God and resignation to his will which it is the part of prayer to produce, and the proof of which consists in prayer. I shall never forget and never remember without shame the following occurrence. It made an impression on my mind which I trust will be beneficial to myself, and I hope the narration of it will do good to my readers.

Whilst residing in the country, several years since, I was called on to watch with a sick man, who almost entirely a stranger to me. His residence was at a considerable distance from any other habitation. He had been long sick and having called frequently for the services of his more immediate friends, he found it necessary to go beyond their immediate circle, and ask the aid of a stranger. I found him in a tranquil state of mind, though much reduced in body by an incurable disease. There were several circumstances which rendered his situation peculiarly interesting to me. I was residing in a spacious house which the patient had built and occupied, but which through misfortune, he had recently been obliged to leave, he was now lying sick in a small half finished house on the border of a forest. He had been taken ill in the midst of preparations for the accommodation of his family, and at a time when his daily labour was their daily bread. His children, his wife, her infant, were thus thrown upon the charities of a cold world, he living to witness their distress without the hope of ever being

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able to relieve them, may even conscious that his own
existence had now become a source of increasing
affliction to them I could not but think on these
circumstances; he could not but have felt them
deeply and intensely.

As he needed few attentions. I was left prin-
cipally to my own reflections; and was naturally led
to think of the uncertainty of human life, on the
unsearchable ways of God to man, on the death-
bed, the grave, the resurrection. I was further led
to contrast the situation of the fellow being before
me, with my own. I was young, and strong, my
family had never known what it was to lack bread;
the howling storm, the pinching cold of winter,
had never been a terror to me or mine; not a drop
of rain, not a flake of snow, not an icicle had ever
shared my habitation with me. When sickness
had entered my dwelling, it came attended with
every human alleviation; when the hand of death
grasped a little one, it was but to transfer it to the
bosom of its God, from which grievous as was the part-
ing we would not have asked it back again. Yet to
how much discontent and repining had I given
place, and how little thankfulness had I man-
ifested for my many blessings. Perhaps the individ-
ual before me has more gratitude for the apparently
few blessings which Heaven has left him, than I,
whose every path has been strewn with flowers.
May not his situation, which seems so disheartening,

be really more happy than mine? What are the miseries ~~of~~ the blessings of life, compared with eternal hopes? Are not our present afflictions, grievous as they may seem, designed to work out for us an eternal weight of glory? Do not our blessings impose duties upon us, and expose us to vices, and whilst we should be grateful for them, have we not need to pray that they lead us not into temptation?

These and many like reflections were passing through my mind when the physician entered the sick room. He had been his rounds among his more wealthy patients, had paid his accustomed visit to the tavern, and now, called on his way home, to visit one who needed his earliest attention, and best energies of thought. He approached the bed side in his overcoat and hat, with whip in hand. With cold fingers he felt the patient's pulse, and was about retiring when the feeble voice of the sick man, arrested his attention with the inquiry, "Doctor what do you think of me?" "You may live till tomorrow morning," was the reply, "and possibly a day or two longer, but it is of no use to do any thing more." He informed him that some friends had just set out on a journey of several miles to procure something which had been recommended to his patient. "It will do no hurt," said the doctor, "and no good"; and the being whose profession it is to assuage pain and relieve distress, bustled out of the room. It was not until the sound of his rapid wheels over the frozen ground had died away,

that I felt hearted, self feeling and merits showed him of real do so, on which depending, had he been had that terror to the the most gentle friend.

As soon as I reached the bed side in solation I could not find words, for my mind was indeed what the patient gave my hands and had such a anticipated dressed my being! Never or what to do firmly replied praying in dying man turning on, sadly have

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that I felt relieved from the presence of the cold
hearted, self-degraded creature. Nor then could I help
feeling indignant that a man in his sober mo-
ments should indulge in that which will deprive
him of reason, and more particularly that he should
do so, on whose advice the lives of many are constantly
depending. I felt too for the patient. How cold-
ly he had been treated; and with what bluntness
had that opinion been announced which carries
terror to the stoutest heart even when uttered in
the most guarded language by the tongue of the war-
est friend.

As soon as my feelings would permit I approach-
ed the bedside with the purpose of giving what con-
solation I could by some little attentions and adjust-
ments, for my heart was too full to utter a word.
Indeed what could I have said? While thus engaged
the patient gave me an earnest look, and, grasping
my hand, said, "Will you pray with me? Never before
had such a question been put to me! Never had I
anticipated such a request! Never had I orally ad-
dressed my Maker in the presence of any human
being! Never was I so much at a loss what to say,
or what to do. After a moment's hesitation, I had
timely replied, that I was not in the habit of
praying in the presence of others. The sick and
dying man merely replied, letting go my hand and
turning on his pillow, "I thought you was." I would
gladly have exchanged my feelings, my situation, my

existence, with any body, so I could but have forgotten myself, and escaped from the shame which my avowal at such a time, and under such circumstances, had brought upon my soul. The cold hearted, insensate physician seemed an angel of mercy compared with myself. He coldly uttered the truth, in a cold unfeeling manner, but it was still the truth, could any thing have been done to help the man he would have done it, but nothing could be done and he had plainly told him so. But I, who had condemned the doctor, and thanked God that I was not like him, I refused to do that which might have given peace to his soul, which with the blessing of God might have tranquilized his mind, given him increased fortitude to bear the pangs of dissolution, and prepared him to meet in another world his Maker and Judge. I felt that I had inflicted a wound which only God could heal. What refuse to pray with a dying man! What must he think of me? To him certainly, religion, death, God and a future state are considerations, compared with which all the things of time and sense are nothing. Had he or another in different circumstances said to me I advise you never to be ashamed to pray aloud on proper occasions, I might have attempted excuses, I might have said something about spiritual prayer, and the difficulty of finding words suited to the various occasions. How vain and foolish are such excuses, and how need-

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less is much speaking! But he said nothing, and his silence was a reproach that wanted not the seal of Heaven, to imprint it forever on my soul. Perhaps I had the prayers of the dying man, I know that I needed them, and they may have been answered, for I know that I should not now fear to pray before the assembly of men and angels should circumstances require the act.

I have extended these remarks far beyond my anticipations, but I hope they will not be uninteresting. I will only add, that if religion was made an every day concern rather than a Sunday business, if we held constant meetings with God in our own souls, as well as with our fellow-men in the house of worship, there is no doubt we should all be much better and happier than we are, more useful to each other, and much better fitted to meet our own end or to soothe the pillows of our dying friends. And why should not religion be our common concern? It certainly can lose none of its consequence by familiarity. The worst men are those who attend least to the affairs of religion. Those who act as in the immediate presence of their God, will surely be more likely to act well, than those who think that God dwells in houses made with hands and is only to be worshipped there; that having set apart a day for religious duties he requires our homage on that day only. But it is only by making religion a

common concern that we shall ever make
prayer an habitual exercise, and unless it
is an habitual exercise we shall be afraid
or unprepared to engage in it, when there
is the most need of its influence, on our
selves or our fellow beings. W.C. Jr.

Christian -

Echo -

Christian -

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The Christian and his Echo.

Christian - True faith, producing love to God & man,
Say, Echo, is not this, the Gospel's plan? -
Echo - The Gospel's plan.

Christian - Must I my faith in Jesus constant show,
By doing good to all both friend & foe?
Echo. - Both friend & foe.

Christian - But if a brother hates & treats me ill,
Must I return him good & love him still?
Echo. - Love him still.

Christian - If he my failings watches to reveal,
Must I his faults as carefully conceal?
Echo As carefully conceal.

Christian - But if my name and character he tears,
And cruel malice, too, too plain appears;
And when I sorrow and affliction know,
He loves to add unto my cup of woe;
In this uncommon, this peculiar case,
Sweet Echo, say, must I still love & bless?
Echo. Still love & bless.

Christian - Whatever usage ill I may receive,
Must I still patient be & still forgive?
Echo. Still patient be & still forgive.

Christian - Why, Echo, how is this? Thou'rt sure a dove
Thy voice will teach me nothing else than love!
Echo. Nothing else than love.

Christian - Amen, with all my heart: Then be it so!
It's all delightful, just and good, I know.
And now to practice, I'll directly go.
Echo. - Directly go.

Christian - Things being thus, then let who will reject
My gracious God me surely will protect.
Echo. surely will protect.

Christian - Henceforth on Him I'll roll my every care,
And with my friend embrace in prayer.
Echo. embrace in prayer.

Christian - But after all these duties when they're done,
Must I in point of merit them disown,
And rest my soul on Jesus' blood alone?
Echo. On Jesus' blood alone.

Christian - Echo, enough! Thy counsel to my ear
Is sweeter than to flowers the dew-drop tear,
Thy wise, instructive lessons please me well:
Till next we meet again, farewell, farewell.
Echo. Farewell, farewell. - The church.

A Psalm of Life.

"Life that shall send
No challenge to its end
And when it comes, say, 'Welcome friend!'"

What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real - Life is earnest -
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, thoughts, start & brave,
Still like muffled drums, are beating,
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future however pleasant!—

Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the glorious Present!
Heart within, and God o'er head!

Lives of all great men remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time.

Footsteps, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait

"Thy will be done!"
O thou whose lips can well repeat,
The Saviour's prayer, nor deem'st deceit
The while is lurking in thy heart,
Pause ere their memory shall depart.
"Thy will be done!"—and dost thou find
In the deep musings of thy mind

No fear, no hope, no passion there,
Thou couldst not freely from thee tear?
And darrest thou call upon thy God
To try thee with his chastening rod,
And round the wide world stedfast look,
And find no ill thou canst not brook?
What! couldst thou see the whirlwind come
To tear thee from thy cherished home,
See the strong arm of death embrace
The best beloved of all thy race?
See undeserved, an evil fame
Attaint thy long unsullied name?
Feel slow-consuming sickness break
Thy mind, now impotent and weak?
Yet not one murmur? - if but one,
Thou must not say, "Thy will be done."
No, rather, ere thy spirit dare
Adopt the Saviour's fervent prayer,
Thy Saviour's spirit, earnest seek,
Enduring, patient, firm and meek,
So seek of God a heavenly mind,
Active like His, - like His resigned:
Pray, that thy very prayer may bring
No hatred, no unwelcome thing;
Pray that the will of Heaven, may be:
Health, joy and all things else to thee:
And, thus the work of prayer begun,
Thou well mayst say, "Thy will be done."
Emily Taylor

Bride of Lammermoor. Master of Ravenswood - his character by
Bulwer - see Student Sir William Ashton. Lady A. - Lucy their
daughter - Alice, an old servant of the Ravenswood family -
Wolfsbrag - page 79 - Caleb Balderstone - apology - "I'll let me gang
on quietly &c. 129 - Sarah - Suscept of Marlborough - Lord's Hole.
"Request nothing of me, my Lord, I am the Master of Ravenswood."
Caleb's apology in the secret chamber - "I durst never let a woman ken
the entrance to it or your Honour will allow &c." Openness and
sincerity one of the characteristics of the Master - Hattery
pleading even from a madman 267.

s character by
- Lucy their
family -
"ye let me gang
God's bole."
"wendwood."
a woman ken
"bennet and
Hattery

The bliss of Home by Thos. H. Shreve.

Mine be the joy which gleams around
The hearth where pure affections dwell -
Where love enrobed in smiles is found,
And wraps the spirit with its spell.

I would not seek excitements wild,
Where pleasure wears her tinsel crown,
And passion's billows upward curl,
Death hatred's darkly gathering frown

The dearest boon from Heaven above,
Is bliss which brightly hallows home;
Is sunlight to the world of love,
And life's pure wine without its foam

There is a sympathy of heart
Which consecrates the social shrine,
Bids grief of gloom and death impart
A joy to gladness all divine.

Its glances from the kindling eye,
Which o'er affection sleepless tends -
Its gives deep pathos to the sigh
Which anguish from the bosom rends -

It plays around the smiling lip,
When love bestows the greeting kiss,
And sparkles in each cup we sip
Round the domestic board of bliss!

Let others seek in wealth or fame,
A splendid path whereon to tread —
I'd rather wear a lowlier name
With love's enchantment round it shed.

Fame's but a light to gild the grave,
And wealth can never calm the breast,
But love, a haly ~~yon~~ on life's wave,
Hath power to soothe its stripes to rest.

March 27th 1838.

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Talk who will of the world as a desert of small
Yet - yet, there is bloom on the waste;
Though the chalice of life hath its acid & gall,
There are honey-drops too for the taste.

We murmur & droop should a sorrow cloud stay,
And note all the shades of our lot;
But the rich scintillations that brighten our way,
Are basked in, enjoyed & forgot.

Those who look on mortality's ocean a night,
Will not moan o'er each billow ^{roll} that
But dwell on the glories, the beauties, the might,
As much as the shipwreck and shoals.

We may utter farewell - when 'tis torture to part,
Dight in meeting the dear ones again,
Have we never rejoiced with wildness of heart,
Which outbalanced ages of pain?

Who hath not had moments so laden with bliss,
When the soul in its fulness of love
Would waver, if bidden to choose, between this,
And the paradise promised above?

There are times when the storm gust may rattle ^{around,}
There are spots where the poison shrub grows;
Yet are there not hours, when nought else can be found,
But the south wind, the sunshine, and rose?

Oh! haplessly rare is the portion that's ours,
And strange is the path that we take,
If there spring not beside us, a few precious flowers,
To soften the thorn and the brake.

The wail of regret, the rude clashing of strife,
The soul's harmony often may mar,
But I think we must own in the discords of life
'Tis ourselves that oft awaken the jar.

Should Fate do its worst, and my spirit oppressed,
O'er its own shattered happiness pine,
Let me witness the joy in another's glad breast,
And some pleasure must kindle in mine.

Then say not the world is a desert of thralldom,
There is bloom, there is light on the waste;
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey drops too for the taste.

Eliza Cook

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